Winke each at other, hold the ſweete ieaſt vp:
This ſport well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument.
But farye well, tis partly mine owne fault,
VVhich death or abſence ſoone ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuſe,
My loue, my life, my ſoule, faire *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not ſcorne her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compell, no more then ſhe entreate.
Thy threats haue no more ſtrength then her weake praiſe.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I ſweare by that which I will loſe for thee,
To proue him falſe, that ſaies I loue thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, with-draw and proue it to.
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope*.
Dem. No, no, hee'l ſeeme to breake looſe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.
Her. VVhy are you growne ſo rude?
VVhat change is this, ſweete Loue?
Lyſ. Thy loue? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; ô hated poiſon hence.
Her. Do you not ieaſt?
Hel. Yes ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keepe my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you; Ile not truſt your word.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. VVhat, ſhould I hu
Although I hate her, Ile no
Her. VVhat? can you d
Hate me, wherefore? O me
Am not I *Hermia*? Are no
I am as faire now, as I was
Since night you lou'd me;
VVhy then you left me (ô
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. I, by my life;
And neuer did deſire to ſe
Therefore be out of hope,
Be certaine; nothing true
That I do hate thee, and l
Her. O me, you iuggler,
You theefe of loue; what
And ſtolne my loues heart
Hel. Fine ifaith.
Haue you no modeſty, no
No touch of baſhfulneſſe
Impatient anſwers from
Fie, fie, you counterfet, yo
Her. Puppet? why ſo
Now I perceiue that ſhe
Betweene our ſtatures, ſh
And with her perſonage,
Her height (forſooth) ſh
And are you growne ſo
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh
How low am I, thou pai
How low am I? I am no
But that my nailes can r
Hel. I pray you thoug
Let her not hurt me; I w
I haue no gift at all in ſh

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22303) LONDON, 1600 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF ED